DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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CANADA UNDER THE INDIAN REGIME.

A DAY AT OKA.

One bright sunny day in July, I took with me the artist of the MESSENGER and a companion and paid a visit to Oka, about which almost every reader of the MESSENGER knows something. It is a little tumble down village on the eastern bank of the Ottawa a few miles above its junction with the St. Lawrence near St. Annes. Its position may be seen on the map which represents Canada in the time, long, long ago when there were no white men in it but all was under the rule of the Indians.

The sail up the Ottawa to Oka on the day I speak of, was very beautiful. The river's banks and the beautiful island that nestled in its bosom were as green as the greenest grass could make them; the coffee colored waters of the Ottawa were as smooth as glass reflecting as a mirror the long shadows of trees, and the irregular ones of the island, wharves and buildings.

Long before Oka is reached the sand banks in the rear of the village are visible, in the sun's morning rays glistening with such brightness that the eye is dazzled in looking at it. It is supposed that many years ago this spot was as green as any on the river, but that the turf became broken and the underlying sand was blown hither and thither, gradually the opening was enlarged until, as at the present, the bank for a long distance is one of shifting sand. To the right is an elevation with several curious looking structures. These are stations. On certain days, before the tribe became Protestant the Indians, headed by their priests, used to turn out in procession, and walk around this elevation stopping at each station. This was considered an act of great merit, which brought untold blessings.

We have arrived at the wharf on which is gathered a number of Indians, men and women, little girls with children in their arms, and any number of boys. These look with apparent indifference on the boat and its passengers, even those who get off or on. They do not generally show much feeling, these people. As seen from the wharf, the village is long, narrow, and low, consisting of little more than two or three irregular rows of houses along the riverside. Most of these are better fitted for summer than winter, being built of logs where cracks are hardly closed well enough to keep out the winter's cold. Some of them are mere ruins, giving an evidence of how much larger this village used to be. At one time it was one of the most important Indian settlements in Canada, and was placed in its present position that its people might be on hand to defend the white men of Montreal against their red enemies.

Taking a walk down the street many interesting sights are met, and my artist companion gets his paper and pencils ready. He sees an Indian boy and makes a picture of the obedient little fellow who hardly understands what is about to happen. An Indian just finished mending his canoe, and placing it on his shoulders carries it to the river, while a French-woman who is washing at the river is drawn as natural as life. That she does not use a washboard and tub every one who looks at the picture can see. She uses first a large flat stone, which stands on the canoe wharf; she then wets her garment, and placing it on the stone hammers it with a pebble until it is quite clean, dipping it in the water every time it becomes dry. The Indians wash in the same way and the clothes are said to be as clean as if a washboard had been used; but I must stop here, and tell more about them in another number of the MESSENGER.

A RELIC OF BETTER DAYS.

THE MAGPIE AND THE RAT.

A writer in the north of England gives the following anecdotes relating to the above-mentioned well-known animals:

About three months ago I brought a tame magpie with me out of Staffordshire to my residence here, and shortly after its arrival it flew on to the window-sill of my sitting-room, seemingly frightened; and on looking out of the window for the cause of its sudden appearance, I found several wild magpies in some trees opposite the window, chattering away very loudly to the tame one, which I found they must have previously assailed, as it was strutting about on the sill and chattering back to them in defiance. A short time after this occurrence, Mag flew to the window and knocked on it with its bill, which it invariably does when wanting food. The window was opened, and some pieces of bread put out, one of which Mag immediately picked up and flew with into the trees referred to, and gave it to one of several wild magpies which were there; and this performance Mag repeated several times, until it had fed the whole lot of them. And many times during the heavy storm we had at the beginning of the year, Mag fed these wild magpies, which no doubt would have often been sorely pinched for food but for the charity of my bird. But Mag's benevolent deeds, I am sorry to say, are counterbalanced by very bad ones. One of the latter I will relate. On Saturday morning last, my aunt, before leaving her bedroom, put her watch into its case, fastened it up, and placed it on the mantelpiece. Now Mag must have been at the window and witnessed this, for as soon as the lady's back was turned, the wily creature flew into the room, unfastened the case, which was fastened with two hooks, opened it, abstracted the watch, broke the glass, and was on the point of flying off with it, when my aunt fortunately returned to the room just in time to rescue her watch from the feathered thief.

Not many hundred yards from here, in the village of Sparrow Pit, which is distant from Chapel-en-le-Frith, about three miles, there is a farm occupied by Mr. William Turner. This gentleman has on several occasions lately missed some eggs from the place where his hens lay; and one day last week he was accidentally let into the secret of their theft, when, upon entering his yard, he was amazed at being the spectator of a wonderful amount of instinct displayed by two rats, one of which had a hen's egg across its shoulder, with its two fore-legs turned round over the egg as far as they would reach, to hold it on, whilst the other rat had hold of its tail, by which it was pulling it across the yard, egg and all, to where their holes were. Such a feat as this for two rats to perform seems almost incredible, but nevertheless it is a fact, as the gentleman's word who witnessed it is to be relied on. Many stories are related of the ingenuity rats display in getting at any coveted food which, were they not well authenticated, would be almost beyond belief.

OKA VILLAGE FROM THE RIVER.

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NOTHING TAKES PLACE BY CHANCE: there is a design worthy of a God in every operation or permission.—The wisdom and mercy of God will be found written on every event.—Every pain you feel is necessary: God doth not afflict willingly, or for his pleasure, but for your profit.—Keep a good conscience, let it cost you what it may.—Jesus will receive you, though all the world reject you.—Jesus pleads for you when you cannot pray for yourself.—Aim at pleasing God in all things, and you will never go far astray.

Temperance Department.

SAVED.

BY CHARLES LEE SLEIGHT.

The shadows of evening had closed in upon the lead-mining town of Joplin. It was a rough and uninviting-looking place, with its unpainted, weather-beaten dwellings, its smoking smelting-furnaces, and its unsightly heaps of rock and clay piled up by the sides of numerous shafts. Even in the very streets some of these shafts had been sunk, from a few of which the stores of heavy mineral were being taken, but many had been abandoned, and, lying open and unguarded, formed dangerous pitfalls for benighted or unwary travelers.

In one of the smallest and poorest houses of the town Mrs Apgar and her young son were seated by a table whereon a frugal meal was set.

Poor woman! Her face looked careworn and anxious as she bent over her work. And well it might, for she had seen much sorrow during her brief stay in Joplin. Scarcely a year had passed since her husband, driven from the East by the hard times, had come to this place to better his fortune. Upon his arrival he had leased a mining lot and commenced sinking a shaft, and after some little time of hard labor had struck a rich vein of mineral. But then, when his efforts had been crowned with success and better times seemed dawning upon them, he took to drinking. Day by day the baneful habit grew upon him, until he not only spent the large income from his mine, but he became heavily in debt. No wonder his home was poor and mean, no wonder his wife looked sad and worn, and his little boy was in rags.

"I wish your father would come home," said Mrs. Apgar, with a sigh, looking up from the torn garment she was trying to repair.

"I'll go after him," said John, and catching up his hat he left the house.

Slowly, wearily the hours of the night dragged along without bringing John or his father. The anxiety of Mrs Apgar's countenance deepened as the clock struck successively eight, nine, ten, and eleven. Many a time she went to the door and peered out into the gloom, but no sight nor sound of the absent ones rewarded her. At last about midnight, her quick ear detected footsteps approaching. She opened the door and her husband staggered into the room alone.

"Where is John?" asked his wife.

"I haven't seen him," he replied; "I suppose he's in bed, where he ought to be."

"But he went out to look for you more than four hours ago," said Mrs Apgar, in a tone of alarm.

"Which way did he go?" he asked quickly.

"Up the street," she answered.

"Up the street!" he repeated slowly, as if endeavoring to collect his thoughts; "that's where those abandoned shafts are."

"Oh husband, can he have fallen into one?" she cried, in agonized tones.

He looked at her in a dazed sort of way for a moment, and then sank in a chair and covered his face with his hands. When shortly afterwards he raised it again it was very pale, but all traces of intoxication had left it.

"Light the lantern, Mary," he said calmly. "I will arouse the neighbors to look for him. Don't leave the house; I will send some one in to stay with you."

A score of men were soon with the anguished father searching for the lost boy. One shaft after another was examined to no avail. Some had long since caved in and were nothing more than shallow pools of muddy water, while others had remained as they were left, and their gloomy depths seemed to forbid all hope. Finally all lying near the street had been searched but one. As they drew near an old miner said,

"No use searching here; I used to work this, and it's over eighty feet deep."

"Well," observed another, "you know Bill Watson fell down one over ninety feet in Lone Elm, and was only bruised up a good deal."

"Yes," said the first, "but there's thirty feet of water in this one: that's why we gave up working it."

But the father still had hope. Bending over the dark pit, he called his son's name in hoarse tones, "John! John!"

There was a brief stillness, and then these words came up from the depths of the shaft,

"All right, father."

What a shout of joy was raised by the assembled men! What a weight of woe those simple words lifted from that father's heart! A windlass was brought from a neighboring mine and a man lowered, and the boy was soon restored to his father' arms pale and out and somewhat bruised, but saved.

And then he told how, becoming bewildered in the darkness, he had wandered from the path and walked into the shaft; how he suddenly felt himself falling, and then lost consciousness. When he came to himself he found he had landed upon a platform at the mouth of a drift, not far from the surface, and there he had lain, not daring to move, until he saw the welcome lights above and heard his father's voice calling him.

That morning Mrs. Apgar and John were again sitting alone together at home. The boy's face wore a sober and thoughtful aspect as he attentively regarded his mother.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "whether father would have stopped drinking if I had been killed last night. If I knew he would have I wish that platform had not been in the shaft."

The door open and his father entered. He had overheard the words just uttered.

"God's warning has been severe enough, my boy," he said fervently; "with His help I will never taste liquor again."

And he kept his word. To-day Mrs. Apgar's tears have been changed to smiles, and John is no more clad in rags; and it is with a spirit of devout thankfulness that they recur to that time when "sorrow endured for a night, but joy came in the morning."—*Christian Weekly.*

PUTTING UP THE PARAPETS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

There is a most lamentable waste of power in the Christian Church; in fact, among the best elements of society. This waste arises from misdirection. The power is applied at the wrong time and in the wrong quarter. Instead of being applied in the way of prevention, which would commonly be certain, it is applied in the effort to reform and restore, which is always difficult, and often impossible. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure.

AN OKA WASHERWOMAN.

This principle is happily illustrated in an ancient regulation among the Jews—to be found in the Book of Deuteronomy. The regulation was this: "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement [or 'parapet'] for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house if any man fall from thence." No intelligent reader need be told that the roofs of Oriental houses are perfectly flat, and that they are constantly used for promenading, for rest, for drying fruits, for sleeping, and often (as in Peter's case) for religious devotions. It required but small expenditure of time and money to build the parapet. When that measure of precaution has been taken, the little children may romp there with impunity; good old grandfather may walk there, without danger of stumbling over, through dimness of vision. But if the inviting roof was left unprotected, and even a single child was pitched into the street below, what skill could restore the mangled form? What human power could bring back the dead darling into life?

This Oriental law of the parapets teaches just what vaccination teaches—that prevention is well nigh certain; but cure is exceedingly difficult. Often all attempts in that direction are well-nigh hopeless. I have been laboring in the temperance enterprise for over thirty years, and during that period have watched the various movements for the reformation of drunkards. Each of these movements—from the "Washingtonian" onward—has been attended with sanguine hopes, at the outset, and usually with bitter disappointment at the close. The percentage of inebriates who are reformed by any method is pitiably and painfully small. "Inebriate asylums" do not cure one-half of those who are sent there. Of the converted drunkards who are received into our churches, nearly all have had one or more temporary lapses into drinking, and every man of them is in constant danger to their dying day. Such men as Gough, and Sawyer, and McAuley are only upheld by the omnipotent grace of God. Gen. Scott once remarked that of all the intemperate officers he had ever known in the army only two had ever been permanently reformed.

Yet all the multitudes of victims of the bottle who have gone down to darkness and their doom might have been saved by the very simple process of prevention. If one-twentieth part of the effort which is put forth in attempted reformation of the dissipated had been spent in persuading them never to drink at all, how different would have been the result! The right time to put up the parapet of total abstinence is in childhood or early youth. The right place to plant the parapet is at home and in the Sabbath-school. Then is the time to instruct boys and girls as to the deadly peril which lies concealed in the glass of intoxicant. A "family pledge" of abstinence, signed by every one in the household, hangs on the walls of some dwellings as a sort of palladium. Such homes are commonly insured.

If I know my own temperament, I am quite sure that but for a pledge of abstinence, signed in my boyhood I should have been swamped into ruin by the drinking usages then prevalent in Princeton College. There was no half-way ground. Those whose consciences had erected the parapet of entire abstinence were safe. Those who tampered at all commonly went off the roof; and it is no easy thing to stop when half way down to the pavement. My own early experiences have been confirmed by all my later observations, and I have now reached two very positive conclusions. The first one is that the only effectual way to prevent drunkenness is by total abstinence, and that ought to commence in early life. The parapet should be put up in childhood. My second conclusion is that the only effectual method of dealing with dram-shops is by erecting the parapet of prohibition. The attempts to limit the number of moral slaughter-houses by the farce of a "license," or by the still more transparent farce of allowing all which are labelled "hotels," to sell *ad libitum*, have always ended and always will end in ignominious failure. A prevention that does not prevent is a sham.

But there are other lessons taught by the Jewish battlements besides those which apply to the bottle. One lesson is that wilful neglect is as fatal as wilful crime. Not doing is twin brother to wrong-doing. Many a father and mother have had their hearts broken by the disgraceful sins of a son; and yet the blame of the boy's ruin rested on themselves. They had either set him a most pernicious example, or else they had left him to drift into bad practices unrestrained. Eli, the weak-backed high priest of Israel, put up no parapet of restraint around his household. When he began to "coax" his ill-disciplined, reckless sons, it was too late. Building battlements after our children have broken their own necks and our hearts is a sort of posthumous precaution that comes to nothing. Elkanah and Hannah did the wiser thing, to surround their humble dwelling with the parapet of prayer and holy, winsome example. Their Samuel lived to be the sunshine of the "Indian Summer" of their peaceful old age.

It is from the neglect of the cultured, influential classes in our towns that the terrible harvests of the streets (in the shape of thieves, rioters, and criminals) are constantly reaped. If tenement-houses reek with filth and debauchery, if the young are unreached by any mission school or church, or any kind of purifying agency, what else can we expect than wholesale demoralization among "the masses?" Prisons, pauperism, and gibbets are God's assessments upon society for neglecting the children. If society fails to put up parapets, society must "foot the bill."

These are the very times for parapet building. The Puritans built them around their frugal, Bible-loving homes, and those homes turned out but few rogues. The pulpits in these times ought to fence their congregations with more of God's commandments. The Bible furnishes plenty of good precepts with which to build parapets. The Fifth Commandment and the Eighth are peculiarly good timber.

Happy is the man whose daily life is walled around with a Bible conscience. His religion is a prevention. Half of his life is not lost in attempting to cure the effects of the other half. Blessed is that Christian, cheerful, wholesome life which, like an Eastern battlemented roof, is lifted up into the sunshine of God's countenance! Its flowering graces charm the eye and perfume the neighborhood. From such a housetop of grace it is a short step to the glory of Heaven. —*N. Y. Independent.*

THAT CIGAR.

BY REV. WM. THAYER, D. D.

A few years ago a New York merchant advertised for a clerk. The next day after the advertisement appeared, a young man walked into the store. "Walk into the office, young man," said the merchant, "I will attend to you soon." The youth took his seat in the office, and very soon the merchant came to him for an interview. On sitting down, he observed a cigar in his hat. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful person; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have found smoking to be connected with various other evil habits. Boys who smoke are less reliable than those who do not. You can leave; you will not suit me."

To some persons the course of this merchant seems unwise and severe. "To make such a fuss over a cigar," some would say, "is outrageous." Yet, that merchant knew what he was about. He was a sharp, discriminating man. Some of his fellow-merchants in whom he had entire confidence were smokers. But he spoke of boys. He saw that this class of boys were more easily enticed into other evil habits, as billiard-playing, theatre-going, and drinking. Nor did his observation deceive him. No matter how much a merchant may smoke himself, we believe that he has less confidence in the boy who puffs a cigar than he has in one who never smokes. It may be a little matter in itself, but straws show which way the wind blows. As small things as that have ruined many a lad. As small things have made others useful and crowned. It is said that a sum of money presented to Wilberforce by his aunt, accompanied with the counsel to give a part of it to the poor, turned his attention to philanthropic labors, and made him the great philanthropist that he was.

The *tendencies* of things should be studied and guarded against when the future of boys is in question. The merchant saw the tendency of cigars. They do not tend to mentality, morality, or spirituality. Boys need things that tend upwards, not downwards. The tendency of a cigar is downwards.—*Advance, Franklin, Mass.*

DIET AND LIQUOR-DRINKING.

Mr. Charles Napier, in England, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of sixty, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of *delirium tremens*, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named he had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then about the normal weight for a person of his height. Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as preeminent for antagonism against alcohol are maccaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled.

THE SPIRIT'S SEAL.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

How oft we see upon some still, dead face
A strange new grace;
A beauty that in life we could not trace!

Its seems as if this can be nothing less
Than the impress
Of the freed spirit's pitying caress;

As if, quick pausing in its glad release
It touched with peace
The clay o'er which its power now should cease;

And we who thought to look upon our dead
With shrinking dread,
By that sweet rapturous calm are comforted.
—*S. S. Times.*

Agricultural Department.

SHEEP BETTER THAN CATTLE.

There are two sides to all disputed questions, and both must be examined if we would ascertain the truth. As to which are most profitable—sheep or cattle—location, soil, and other considerations must be taken into the account in determining. A. Hyde gives some of the advantages the shepherd possesses over the herdsman, as follows:

In the first place, a stock of sheep costs less than one of cattle. A farm which will carry twenty cows will carry about eight times as many sheep, and to stock a farm with twenty cows and corresponding fixtures will require an outlay of a thousand dollars. An equivalent number of sheep (say one hundred and fifty) can be purchased for about one-half this sum. Again, a flock of sheep demands much less care than a herd of cows. The latter must be milked daily, and the work of the dairy-maid in making butter and cheese is constant and laborious, demanding also skill of a high order to make it eminently successful. Then sheep will live and thrive where cows would starve, at least make poor returns. These nimble animals will climb over rocks and ledges where cows would not venture, and almost every herb that grows, even down to Canadian thistles, suffices them for food. Pastures are greatly benefited by being cropped by sheep. They not only keep down the weeds, but have more fertilizing materials in their droppings than do cows. In the milk of the latter much phosphate of lime and other saline, as well as nitrogenous matter, is removed, but sheep carry off only what is on their backs. A flock of sheep also multiplies much more rapidly than a herd of cows, and this is specially true of the large mutton breeds, which often produce twins. Not to be too particular in the enumeration of the advantages of the flock-master over the herdsman, I will only add that sheep fatten much more easily than cattle, and when slaughtered they furnish not only meat but wool, the latter an article that not only keeps indefinitely, but pays for long transportation.—*Interior.*

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

The intense desire to accumulate wealth, which is fast becoming the ruling principle of the average American farmer, added to the increasing foreign demand for American meats, has brought about a system of over feeding—forcing, as it were, the carcass to the proper size and weight for market. In order to do this the healthy condition of the meat is entirely overlooked; we frequently hear farmers say that hogs will not live without filth—hence the refuse of the farm—the carcass of a dead horse, ox, or even a dog, is thrown to the hogs and devoured with a voracious appetite. Poisonous nostrums containing arsenic, antimony, and many other drugs, are given with their daily food to prevent cholera; the flesh and blood partake a certain amount of everything which enters the stomach; therefore, when you purchase two pounds of delicious pork steak for breakfast, you also receive a few ounces of poison, which you did not order.

Who can say that the dire pestilence devastating our cities, which our physicians call "blood poison," do not have their origin in these remote causes? At least it is worthy a passing thought from those who depend upon the market for their daily meat. The days of nomadic farming being past, it behooves those engaged in agricultural pursuits to wake up to the necessity of a higher education—a more thorough understanding of all the causes and effects connected with their business. To be a statesman requires a thorough knowledge of parliamentary rules, laws and government. A physician must understand the human system, its diseases and the remedies needed, and the methods of application; so with all occupations. How necessary for the farmer to have at least a partial knowledge of the diseases of animals and the remedies for the same!—*Drovers' Journal.*

FIG CULTURE.

According to the *New England Farmer*, fig culture is quite a possibility in the N. E. States. A correspondent of the *Farmer*, living in Brookline, Mass., in writing to that journal, says: "I have cultivated fig trees for ten years or more, with very good results. The last crop of one tree was over fifty large and delicious blood-red figs. The same tree has now over seventy-nine specimens upon it, sure to ripen. I take the trees up in October, or the early part of November, set them out in the cellar, in a bank of soft loam; keep the earth moderately well watered through the winter, and set them out in the garden in April, flattening the broom-like roots out carefully in a circle. No insects attack either the leaves or the fruit, and I never fail of a crop. They ripen along day by day, like strawberries. If we had some easy way of protecting them in the garden during the winter, an orchard of fig trees here would doubtless be extremely profitable, as the fruit is certainly a great luxury both to sick and well."

To this the *Farmer* makes reply: "The fig tree is reported perfectly hardy in most of the Southern States south of Virginia, remaining out through the winter without protection. In the Middle States it requires some protection, as by covering with box or barrels without heads, which are filled with leaves or evergreen branches. Further north, they may be grown in sheltered localities by bending down and covering with dry soil in autumn, though they are more commonly kept in boxes or tubs which may be taken inside in winter. We have seen a few specimens growing successfully in summer, in open grounds in North Attleboro, and occasionally in other localities in the vicinity. A large nurseryman in Plymouth, Mass., has a considerable number of fig trees in bearing, some of which are nearly forty years old. The fruit is grown quite plentifully for home use, and any surplus finds a ready market. One dollar per dozen, in Boston, is not an unusual price for good specimens of home-grown figs."

Although with many the taste for figs would be an acquired one, yet when acquired there is certainly nothing in the way of fruit much more delicious. By all means let our farmers try their hands at fig culture.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PICKLING IN SALT.

I have pickled butter in brine for thirty years. Washed fresh butter in brine ten years. Packed jars in dry salt one year. I am of the opinion that butter can be carefully made, packed, and preserved, that it will so ripen and improve that it is really better at six months old than it was at six days or six hours old. After supplying two families besides my own with butter from one cow, there was a surplus at the end of each week, left to be saved and packed for my winter use. I used three-gallon stone jars. After pressing down the butter at the time any was put in, I poured on about two quarts of brine. At each addition poured off the brine, put in the butter and returned the brine. When nearly full left brine about an inch in depth. Prepared a box, the inside of which was about two inches in diameter larger than the jar; placed at bottom of box about an inch of common salt; set in my jar; on all sides filled and packed down salt; over the jar placed an earthen plate; then over that placed about two inches of salt; then a board, and set the box away. In this way the butter had an additional protection against the changes or atmosphere there may be in a common cellar, and the butter being doubly excluded from all air. When the steel trier probed it at our fair, something new had made its appearance to our committee. The butter was hard and firm, as when first made, and retained all the rich aroma it ever had, and become well ripened. The creamy buttermilk taste it first had had disappeared. Here I have a success from my experience in the use of dry salt upon the outside of the package by keeping an even cool temperature in the butter, and the butter in a place where it could lose none of its natural dampness. Thus salt proves to be cheaper and better than ice.—*C. G. Taylor.*

STABLING COWS IN SUMMER.

A stable to be cool in summer, should be constructed so as to be warm in winter. When the walls are stone, laid in mortar, or better, made of concrete, they will be poor conductors to heat or cold, and consequently the room thus inclosed will be cool in summer, except when heated by the bodies of animals stabled in it. My basement is surrounded by a concrete wall fifteen inches thick at bottom and twelve inches at top, which is equal to a twenty-one inches stone wall in non-conducting qualities; no frost comes through in winter, and it is remarkably cool in summer. My barn is tightly boarded with narrow matched stuff, consequently the air in the upper part of the barn is cooler than the external air. The air in this basement is very cool and comfortable in the hottest summer day; but when filled with animals, it is necessary to have a circulation of fresh air, and the external air being too warm, we get it from the barn above, which is thoroughly ventilated from the cupola. As cool air descends and heated air arises, a set of tubes made of matched stuff, eight by sixteen inches inside, are placed around the outside wall, half of them coming just below the basement ceiling and extending up to the plates—the other half reaching down within one foot of the basement floor, and extending up just above the ceiling of the basement. Those tubes that go down the lowest will discharge the cooler air, and the upper ones the heated air. The arrangment will keep up a circulation througout the basement without ventilating from doors or windows. When the ventilators are all in the same position, cool air will come down one side and heated air go up on the other; but the circulation is not so complete as in the method of constructing them alternately high and low. The sides of my octagon barn are thirty-three feet two inches, and a tube at each corner is deemed sufficient.—*Correspondent of Buffalo Live Stock Review.*

For the last five years I have not lost a cucumber or melon vine or cabbage plant. Get a barrel with a few gallons of gas-tar in it; pour water on the tar; always have it ready when needed; and when the bugs appear give them a liberal drink of the tar-water from a garden-sprinkler or otherwise, and if the rain washes it off and they return repeat the dose. It will also destroy the Colorado potato beetle, and frighten the old long potato bug worse than a threshing with a brush. Five years ago this summer both kinds appeared on my late potatoes, and I watered them with the tar-water. The next day all Colorados that had not been well protected from the sprinkling were dead; and the others, though their name was legion, were all gone, and I have never seen one of them on the farm since. I am aware that many will look upon this with indifference, because it is so cheap and simple a remedy. Such should always suffer both by their own and their neighbors' bugs, as they frequently do.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sweet Corn for Fodder.—A trial of several varieties of sweet corn for fodder for milch cows, the past season, has resulted very successfully. Many good farmers have for years past considered sweet corn fodder to be worth more than that from field corn. The large quantity of sugar contained in sweet corn makes it a highly nutritious food, sugar being as much a nutriment as starch—indeed it is strongly believed by some physiologists that the starch of the food is changed in great part to sugar during digestion. But it will be found in practice that the most valuable fodder is that which is grown so widely apart that the juices of the stalks are matured, and the ears are considerably developed before the crop is cut. Small early varieties planted in May and afterwards, may be gathered in July and August; and the medium late varieties, such as the Triumph, will come in in August and September; while the late Evergreen will last until frost stops the growth.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Plowing by Electricity.—The London *Times* has an article on plowing by electricity, from the pen of Mr. J. S. Cocksedge. One of Mr. Howard's double-furrow plows has been used at Sermaize-les-Bains, France, in experiments with electricity as a motive power, and these are said to have resulted in a complete success. "The plow," says Mr. Cocksedge, "worked steadily and completely to the satisfaction of all present. A gentleman whom I have known for many years, M. Gourguillon, of Virty-le-Francois, who saw the experiment, speaks of it in the most assuring terms. The motion is conveyed to a drum from the electric machine and thence by a coil of wire to the plow. There was no stoppage of any kind, but the plow did its work steadily, about 8 in. deep. The inventor is a M. Felix, owner of a large sugar manufactory at Sermaize-les-Bains." The writer adds: "It may be many years before this can be brought into profitable practical use, but if it can, what a revolution it will accomplish!" Yes, undoubtedly, if cheaper than steam in Europe, or horses or mules in America.

Cabbage-Worms.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says that the best thing he has ever found for the cabbage-worm is to dose it with pepper from the little four-ounce boxes so common in the stores nowadays. It seems not to be a sure cure, but he has sometimes saved a crop by it. Instead of hellebore for currant-worms he used the root of the false hellebore (Veratrum viride), a plant found in all our low meadows and fields and commonly known here as Indian Poke, sometimes as wild hellebore or black hellebore. He gathers in a few minutes roots enough for the year, and throws them upon some high shelf to dry. When the worms put in an appearance on the currant bushes or rose bushes, he puts a root or two into an old three-quart fruit can and sets it on the back of the stove for a few hours, when with a wisp of hay or an old whisk broom, he sprinkles the bushes on a dry day. It is a little trouble, but no work, and does not cost over a cent a bush to keep the whole crowd of leaf-eaters in subjection.

To Kill Ticks on Sheep.—Throw into the barnyard a few small, thrifty second-growth fir trees. The sheep will eat the leaves and small twigs greedily, and often strip off all the bark. The ticks will all leave the sheep in a few days, the strong odor from the oil of the fir driving them away. The difficulty in sheep-breeding sections is to find the second-growth firs for the sheep to browse upon.

DOMESTIC.

Currant Ice.—Add to three pints of water one pound and a half of sugar, boil until reduced to a quart, skim and add two coffee-cups of currant juice. When partly frozen, stir in the beaten whites of four eggs.

Milk Biscuits.—One pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of butter, two cups of milk and two eggs, one gill of yeast, a little salt; warm the milk and butter, and set all to rise. Make into cakes, and before baking set them to rise in tins.

Nasturtium-Seed.—Take the green seed after the flower has dried off. Lay in salt and water two days, in cold water one day; pack in bottles and cover with scalding vinegar, seasoned with mace and white pepper-corns, and sweetened slightly with white sugar. Cork, and set away four weeks before you use them. They are an excellent substitute for capers.

How to Cook Corned Beef.—The flank is a nice piece to corn; though an ugly piece of meat, it can be made a nice and delicious dish. Wash the flank clean, roll it up as tight as you can, and tie it with a strong cord in three places; then sew it up in a coarse towel and put it on and boil from five to six hours, according to size; take it out of the pot, but do not undo it, put it on a dish or pan and put a weight on it; let it stand until the next day, then remove the cloth and strings; trim it and you have a nice dish.

To Roast Mutton.—The hind quarter is the nicest part of the mutton to roast, and requires longer to cook than lamb. Put it in a pot of boiling water and let it simmer one hour. Lift it into a baking-pan, rub it with salt and pepper (too much salt makes the meat tough). Rub over a little lard, and then dredge with flour. Skim off the top of the water and pour over it. Set it in a hot oven, basting frequently to prevent it from being hard and dry; roast till thoroughly done. This is nice to set aside for a cold dish, garnished with horseradish and eaten with currant jelly.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

For invalids, never make a large quantity of one thing, as they seldom require much at a time, and it is desirable that variety be provided for them.

Always have something in readiness; a little beef-tea, nicely skimmed, a few spoonfuls of jelly, &c., that it may be administered as soon almost as the invalid wishes for it. If obliged to wait a long time, the patient loses the desire to eat, and often turns against the food when brought to him or her.

In sending dishes or preparations up to invalids, let everything look as tempting as possible. Have a clean cloth laid smoothly over the tray; let the spoons, tumblers, cups and saucers, &c., be very clean and bright.

Never leave food about a sick room; if the patient cannot eat it when brought to him, take it away, and bring it to him in an hour or two's time. Miss Nightingale says, "To leave the patient's untasted food by his side, from meal to meal, in hopes that he will eat in the interval, is simply to prevent him from taking any food at all." She says, "I have known patients literally incapacitated from taking one article of food after another by this piece of ignorance. Let the food come at the right time, and be taken away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time, but never let a patient have 'something always standing' by him, if you don't wish to disgust him of everything."

Never serve beef-tea or broth with the smallest particle of fat or grease on the surface. It is better, after making either of these, to allow them to get perfectly cold, when all the fat may be easily removed; then warm up as much as may be required. Two or three pieces of clean whitey-brown paper laid on the broth will absorb any greasy particles that may be floating at the top, as the grease will cling to the paper.

Roast mutton, chickens, rabbits, calves' feet, game, fish (simply dressed), and simple puddings, are all light food, and easily digested. Of course, these things are only partaken of, supposing the patient is recovering.

A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed, and boiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served with all the fat at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it, between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food.

In making toast and water, never blacken the bread, but toast it only a nice brown. Never leave toast and water to make until the moment it is required, as it cannot then be properly prepared—at least, the patient will be obliged to drink it warm, which is anything but agreeable.

In boiling eggs for invalids, let the white be just set; if boiled hard, they will be likely to disagree with the patient.—*The Household.*

LITTLE FAITH.

BY MRS. WALTON, AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

(*From Sunday at Home.*)

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

Little Faith was about to shut the door behind her and venture out into the darkness, when she heard a footstep coming down the street. It came nearer and nearer. It was a man's footstep, and he was stumbling along, as if he were drunk. Then he began to scream and to shout, and Faith drew back into the house, and shut the door before he came up. She dared not venture into the darkness alone. She had heard that bad people were about at night; what if she should meet any of them?

No, she dare not go till the morning; she would sit on the stairs till it was light.

So she crept back again, and sat on the lowest step, and leaned her head on her hands. The wind blew through the draughty old house, and underneath the badly-fitting door, and made her shiver as she sat there. She was very cold, and very sad, and very tired.

But little Faith had a Friend. Yes, lonely and desolate as she was, she had still a Friend to whom she could turn. He had been her Friend for a long time now, and as she sat there, alone in the darkness, she whispered softly to herself some words which Mother Mary, as she always called Mrs. Robinson, had taught her:

"What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

"Yes," she said, when she had finished the hymn, "I've never told Him nothing about it: whatever will He think of me?"

So she knelt down on the step and said in a whisper, "Oh, God, I want to tell you, please, all about it. Mrs. Gubbins says I'm a-taking the bread out of the bairns' mouths, so please I'm a-going away, and will you help me to find somebody as wants a little servant; and will you please take care of Tommy, and Fanny, and the baby, and don't let Mrs. Gubbins slap 'em; for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

Then Faith got up, and felt much happier. She knew her Friend would help her. She had carried it all to the Lord in prayer, and now she must not fret about it any more. "That was what Mother Mary used to say," said Faith to herself, "She told me I was to take all my troubles to the Lord, and then leave 'em with Him, and not bother about 'em no more. She said it was a sin and a shame to doubt Him, and to think he wouldn't give us aught, if we asked Him, and it was good for us."

So little Faith tried to forget her sorrow, and, by-and-by she fell asleep.

How long she slept she did not know, but when she awoke the grey morning light was creeping under the door, and peeping through the keyhole, and making the dirty, dusty walls of the old staircase visible once more.

Faith started up and opened the door, and then went out into the rain and mud.

It was still quite early, and she had gone down several streets, and felt as if she were a long way

INDIAN MENDING A CANOE.

from home before the church clock struck five. The streets were almost empty; no one passed her except a solitary policeman, or a doctor returning from a patient who had sent for him in the night, or a workman whose work lay a great distance from his home.

But presently, as time went on, and it got near six o'clock, the streets were nearly filled with working-men, in their white jackets, hurrying along to their work.

Then shutters began to be opened, and fires to be lighted, and smoke to come out of the chimneys.

Still Faith walked on. She wanted to get to quite a different part of that large town, where nobody knew her, and where she would never meet Mrs. Gubbins. She was very faint and hungry, for she had no supper the night had before. She had one penny in her pocket, which Mother Mary had given her long ago, and which she had kept for her sake. Faith had almost thought of giving it to her father, as she called John Robinson, the night before, when he was so unhappy about having taken so little money. But it would not have made much difference, and she was glad now that she had kept it, for it would buy her some breakfast. And then she must begin to look for a place where she could be little servant.

But first, she must make herself tidy; no one would take an untidy little girl, she thought. For this purpose, she went down an alley, where was a pump in the middle of the square, and washed her hands and her face. Then she took a comb from her pocket, which had belonged to the stall, but which her father had given her the day before, because it was broken and could not be sold. With this she combed her hair and plaited it neatly up again. Mary Robinson had taught her to be very clean and tidy, and her little frock, though it was full of patches and darns, had not a single hole in it. Since Mother Mary had died, Faith had mended it for herself. She looked a very clean, tidy child when she came out of the alley and set out in search of a shop at which to spend her penny.

She found a baker's shop at last, but it was not open; the baker and his family had overslept themselves. Faith

THE LAUNCH.

was thinking of going on to look for another shop. But she turned so faint and sick that she was obliged to sit down on the baker's step; she felt she could walk no further until she had had something to eat.

At last the door was opened and a boy came out and took down the shutters. Then Faith walked into the shop.

"Well, what's wanted?" said the baker's daughter, as Faith held out the penny.

"Please," said Faith, in a faint voice, "I want the biggest cake you've got for a halfpenny."

"You look half hungred," said the girl, as she handed her a tea-cake, "sit you down on that chair and eat it. Mother, come you here!" she called in a louder voice.

A fat, rosy, good-tempered-looking woman answered the call.

"She wanted the biggest cake we've got for a halfpenny," said the girl. "Look at her; she's nigh hungred!"

"Where are you off to?" said the baker's wife to Faith, as she sat eating her cake.

"Please, ma'am," said little Faith, "I'm looking for a place. I'm going to be a little servant somewhere; do you know of anybody as wants a little girl?"

"Why, now," said the woman to her daughter; "doesn't Miss Benson want one?"

"Ay," said the girl, "so they say; but maybe, she wouldn't take such as her."

"There's no harm in asking her, anyhow," said the baker's wife; "take the child across to her, Maggie."

So Faith followed Maggie across the road, but before she went, the good baker's wife gave her two more large tea-cakes, and gave her the halfpenny back again, which her daughter had taken for the cake.

"Jesus made her do that, I'm sure," said Faith to herself.

Miss Benson was not up, and they had to wait for some time to see her, and then when she did come down, she seemed quite angry with Faith for coming, and with the baker's daughter for having brought her.

"Want a servant! Yes, she *did* want a servant, but a proper, respectable sort of servant, not a little, weakly, sickly child. She should have thought they would have known that, without needing to be told," and, so saying, she showed them out.

The baker's daughter took a kind leave of the child, but said she was afraid she did not know of any one else.

So little Faith went on alone, very sorrowfully.

CHAPTER III.—FAITH'S SEARCH.

Up and down the streets, up and down the streets, hour after hour, little Faith wandered, first asking at one shop, and then at another. Sometimes she would venture to stop the passers by and enquire of them. She would choose some one whose face looked kind and motherly, and put the same question again and again: "Could you tell me of any one as wants a little servant, please?"

But she got nothing but discouragement the whole day long, One told her that she was too small; another that she was too delicate; another brought tears to her eyes by telling her to go home to her mother; one or two laughed at her, and not a few were angry with her. And so the day wore away.

It was getting near evening, and was beginning to grow dark. Faith had asked her question hopefully and eagerly in the morning; but now she asked it in quite a different voice and as if she hardly expected an encouraging answer. She was very tired,

and sad, and disappointed. Her Friend had not helped her, she thought. She had taken it to the Lord in prayer, but no answer had come. Mother Mary had said it was wicked to doubt, but how could she help doubting, when God did not seem to hear her?

She was very footsore and tired, so she sat down on a doorstep to rest. She wondered very much what Mrs. Gubbins had said when she found she was gone; and whether her father missed her very much; she wondered whether he was looking for her all over that great town.

And then Faith remembered that it was Saturday night, and that her father would be at his place at the stall. She wondered how far the market-place was from where she was sitting. She had a great longing just to see her father for a minute She did not want him to see her,—that would never do No, she would never go home again, till she had found a little place, and was earning money for herself. But what she wanted was to get a peep at her father, to see if he looked sorrowful, or tired, or as if he was missing her very much.

Faith got up from the doorstep, and asked a girl who was passing which was the way to the market-place. The girl directed her, and to Faith's joy she found it was close by.

In a few minutes, she came in sight of the great church underneath the shadow of which stood John Robinson's stall.

The street was very crowded; there was always a very full market on Saturday night. People were buying in their stores for the week, and were going in and out of the different shops in the market-place, with large baskets on their arms. All was bustle, and hurry, and confusion.

Faith threaded her way through the crowd, and went down a little side-street which led into the market-place, and which ran along the side of the old church. She crept along close to the railings of the church, till she came nearly to the end of the street; but she did not dare to go further, lest her father should see her. She could see the top of the stall from where she stood, but she could not see her father. She did not like to go round the corner, for that would have brought her close up to the stall, and he would have seen her at once.

Faith had nearly made up her mind to go back again, when she noticed that the church gate was open. She was almost afraid to go inside, but at last she ventured. In front of her was a porch leading into the church, and in this porch she saw that there was a window looking in the direction of the stall, through which she would be able to see her father, without his seeing her. So she ran quickly across the open piece of church-yard, and got inside the porch.

(To be Continued.)

A BOY'S WAY.

(Concluded.)

"They're regular beauties," answered Will, eagerly watching the pollywogs as they flew around and around their glass house. "I'll give you—No, I can't either—I say, boys, do you want to buy my aquarium?" It came out in gasps, in a queer, jerky fashion, as if the words stuck somewhere, and "aquarium" worst of all. The two boys opened their eyes, looked

SAND BANKS AT OKA.

at one another and then at Will, as if they could hardly believe their ears, much less that he really meant what he said.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled Jack, at last. "What's up now? Has anything got away and you want to sell the tanks? Why, we'll help you collect some more things if that's what's the matter," went on the kind-hearted boy, seeing Will's look of distress.

"Oh, it isn't that, boys," Will said, struggling hard to swallow his tears and not succeeding very well. "It's Tom Webber."

But while the Marvin boys are looking more surprised than ever, and Will is telling them his woes, I'll tell you about the aquarium.

It was begun, Will used to say, "ever so long ago, when he was a little boy," and found the first little spotted toad that had rained down in a hard shower that summer, and had continued through fair weather and foul, base-ball fevers and pedestrian matches. The turtles had waxed fat and frisky, the fish had grown tame and flourished in their rough board tanks, as, perhaps, they never do in their elaborate glass cases in large aquariums, and the whole thing was the special pride and joy of Will's heart. He had collected its inhabitants himself. No wonder his heart sank when he thought of giving them up. The boys were very much interested and very sympathetic, and—shall I mention it?—just a little bit glad that there was a chance of owning this wonderful aquarium. They put their heads together, counted their pence, and their prospects of more before the summer was over. But there was no help for it. Their united funds and prospects did not amount to two dollars, and two dollars Will must have. There could be no aquarium for them.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Jack, when he had recovered from his disappointment a little. "Advertise your aquarium for sale. My father says all the money that is made nowadays is made by advertising. We'll help you print the handbills. We'll send one to every boy in town that's got any money."

I have laid away in my desk one of those famous handbills now. Yellow it is, and getting a little musty Will himself, now a grown-up young gentleman, found it the other day, and laughed over its big, straggling letters and important wording. But it was serious enough business to him then, and if a few very salt tears weakened the ink which he was distributing with such a lavish hand over the paper, who can wonder? Here is a specimen:

GREAT AUCTION OF TURTLES,
MINNEY FISHES,

And Other Curiosities too Numerous to Enumberate, on the Premises of

W. G. ANDERSON, JR., 106 West Forest Place,

Beginning Saturday Afternoon,
and continuing Untill Everything is Sold.
For a Charyitable Object.

Will's heart was much comforted by these wonderful productions, and it was almost with pride and satisfaction that he arranged the shells which adorned the centre of the largest tank for the last time, and poked out the small turtles from under the stones, where they had taken refuge from the gaze of the admiring throng.

For the boys came in throngs, literally, to attend this sale the fame of W. G. Anderson's aquarium being spread abroad, not only through the whole town, but out as far south as the Beaches, and west to the Centre, five miles away.

Boys in straw hats, in caps, and almost no hats at all, streamed in at the carriage-gates and wandered admiringly around the tanks.

Will had made them all himself on pleasant Saturdays and odd moments after school. The shells were his own picking up and the stones his own choosing. Will was quite a naturalist, too, and it was really quite an instructive lecture he gave the boys on the habits and lives of each of the tenants of his aquarium.

Bidding was brisk; turtles went off rapidly; fishes changed hands swimmingly, and green frogs brought much larger prices than their owner's wildest hopes had dreamed of. For boys have large, warm hearts of their own, and when the "charyitable object" had been explained to them they all were anxious to have a finger, or rather a penny or a ten-cent piece, in the pie.

By sunset, so willing had been the boys to buy, not a fin or a claw remained except the old bachelor, Mr. Snapping Turtle, who lived in a barrel all to himself, and who snapped and snarled at all attempts to carry him off, so that the many bidders retired, sucking their well-pinched fingers, quite discouraged.

When everything was sold, the boys had straggled off in knots of twos and threes, and nothing remained but the trampled grass, the empty tanks, and the cross old turtle. Will was lonely enough. The choking feeling came back again, and was harder than ever to swallow when he sat down to count his gains.

The small marble-bag was very heavy and full of pennies, ten and five cent pieces. Quite a fortune, it seemed to Will, as he poured it out upon the dining-room table at supper time. Two dollars and twenty cents, his father counted. "Quite enough to buy the crutches and have a little over toward the new aquarium. You have been a brave boy, Will, to fight your way so well out of your troubles. Take warning, dear, and while remembering always that you must do all you can, even denying yourself to help other people, never make rash promises which you must ask other people to fulfil."

. . . . .

So, the other day, when Will found the old handbill, he laughed and said: "That was a good lesson my father taught me. I'd like to have other youngsters know about my turtle sale. But those were not the last turtles I ever owned. Oh, no, indeed. Do you know that the last time I was in East Medway I met a turtle lumbering up from the river that had W. G. A., 186—, carved upon his shell, and that was a good while after the days of the aquarium."—*Churchman.*

The Family Circle.

CONTENTMENT.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Smile not at the curious story
Which in ancient days was told,
How in hands of saintly glory
Worthless stones were turned to gold.

For the strangely quaint tradition
Centred in this fruitful thought:
"Where *Contentment* is magician
Everything with good is fraught."

See, the child of slightest measure
Who can creep, but barely stand,
Makes the very dirt his treasure—
Counts as gold his worthless sand.

Avarice, ah! he does not know it,
But with dingy bits of earth
Has the vision of the poet,
And thinks gold of no more worth.

So, the poor man with his sixpence,
If it keep his hunger down,
May feel happier and richer
Than the monarch with his crown.

In the heart where patience nestles
Till the darkest day is done,
All the sky is full of wonders
And the ore and gold are one.

With the alchemist Contentment,
What is wealth, or power, or fame?
Through its magic all conditions
Find that joy is just the same.

S. S. Times.

WHO WAS MRS. BEARDSLEY'S NEIGHBOR?

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE, IN "CONGREGATIONALIST."

When Mrs. Beardsley went to Dalton to live, she knew very few people. She had lived in the city all her life, been educated well, and came of a cultivated and rather proud family; but she was not proud in their fashion. She had always earned her own living in one way or another, chiefly by writing for magazines and newspapers. Whatever the outside world may think, this is not lucrative business, and our friend had other people to help on in life, so she had laid up nothing; and after a while she married a poor man and came to Dalton, a flourishing country town, to live. They went to housekeeping in an old house, small and inconvenient, but of pleasant outlook, and, once settled, began to look about them.

"Oh, Fred! I do hope I shall have nice neighbors," said the little woman, as they sat at breakfast one day.

"I don't know, Tina, how you'll like them of course they'll like you."

"That's very proper of you to say, sir," laughed Mrs. Beardsley, "but I'm more apt to like people than they are to like me."

This was quite true. Justina Beardsley was very honest, frank, unconventional and acute; she spoke her mind too freely to be always a comfortable friend. Human nature loves flattery, and she never flattered; however, our business is with her neighbors.

Up the street lived the Dean family. Mrs. Dean was a handsome, cool, calm sort of woman, with three daughters, all under fourteen. Her husband kept a country store and had made some money; her house was very fine with shining furniture, Brussels carpets, and always strictly curtained, screened, and blinded from sun and air. Mrs. Dean was a very good woman; she never failed to attend every meeting there was, and she always went to church, rain or shine, and took her children to Sunday-school with the same persistence. She was a woman who did her duty in these respects earnestly and conscientiously, and never could understand why everyone else was not equally faithful.

Now her new neighbor was not a strong woman and her work was hard. It frequently happened to her to have a dreadful neuralgic headache on Sunday, and though she was accustomed in her youth to go to church as punctiliously as the minister himself, and had really overworked herself in the city mission Sunday-schools, she frequently spent the day of rest on her sofa, with throbbing pangs in her head, and a back aching in every fibre. Nor did she send Tommy, her little five-year-old boy, to Sunday-school, for she preferred to teach him at home.

"Have you been to see Beardsley's wife, my dear?" said Mr. Dean, one morning, about three weeks after the new neighbors made their appearance.

"No, not yet. I thought I should not hurry. I do not think she is a very good person to be intimate with. She does not send her boy to Sabbath-school, and hardly ever goes to church. I should not wish to encourage such a person to visit us freely."

Mr. Dean said no more. His wife's chin was square, and her lips thin; he really respected her rather severe goodness. She did call on the new comer; was a little horrified to find what common furniture she had, and how the sun streamed in on the three-ply carpet; and she went away leaving behind her a chill such as follows an iceberg. Mrs. Beardsley knew she was disapproved of, and why, for she was quick of discernment; and knowing inwardly that she really did try and wish above all things to be a Christian woman, she felt sad and sorry that her light did not shine better. Then it occurred to her that, after all, God knew about it, and knew she did like to go to church, and did not like to be kept at home with neuralgia and exhaustion, so she left this new trouble to Him.

Down the street lived Mrs. Roberts, a well-to-do mechanic's wife.

"I see Beardsley's folks have moved in," was her husband's comment.

"Yes, they have; but I shan't trouble them with my company. She's a city woman, and writes for the papers besides. She won't want to see common folks like me. Mrs. Dean will call upon her, I presume to say, and the rich folks up town; but I know enough not to go where I ain't wanted, and moreover, I never did like stuck-up folks."

"I don't know but what you're just as good as she is Marier; and if you come to the money p'int on't, I could buy an' sell Fred Beardsley over and over again."

"Well, I guess you could; but she's got her own click, and I shan't trouble her. I believe in lettin' folks alone, if they feel too smart for your kind. I never did push in where I wa'n't wanted, and I ain't going to begin now."

So Mrs. Roberts stayed away, strenuously held her parasol to the east if her new neighbor was that way, although the sun blazed towards the west, and passed by on the other side. Mrs. Beardsley comprehended the matter, and laughed softly; she would sometime undertake Mrs. Roberts, she thought, and convert her to her own theory of neighborhood; but that time had not come yet.

Next to Mrs. Dean lived Mrs. Morris; she was a pleasant, energetic, talkative person; an indefatigable church-goer, and a benevolent soul; but she did not belong to the Blank Church, and the Beardsleys did; she went to the Blanker house of worship, and did not care a cent about any other denomination. It did not afflict her much that Mrs. Beardsley was one of the inactive sisters, because she was a Blank; if she had been a Blanker, Mrs. Morris would have been as troubled as Mrs. Dean was about the new neighbor, though on a different principle.

As it was, she called on her after a while; but her time was so taken up with the Blanker church, her house was so filled and over-run with all the Blanker congregation, from the minister down to the sexton; she had so many weddings, and funerals, and societies to attend, that Mrs. Beardsley hardly saw her in her own house for the next year, though Mrs. Morris's call was promptly returned.

Next to Mrs. Roberts lived the Waters family; nice, kindly, plain young people; Mrs. Waters' sister being the third member of the family. The husband was a tinner, and it was in his shop where she was buying a tea-kettle, that the new neighbor was introduced to them. They meant to call, they were members of the same church to which the Beardsleys belonged, and lived only two houses away; but they were so shy! It seemed to be a sort of agony to them to speak before a stranger; they blushed and stammered, and looked every way but the right one. At last, after a year of waiting, they came one evening, but they never came again.

Up above her, for the street was on the side of a gentle declivity, Mrs. Beardsley had another neighbor, a carpenter's wife, Mrs. Green. She, too, seemed to be shy at first, but was attracted after a while by Justina's flowers, and Tommy's merry face. She was childless herself, and her [illegible] passion was flowers, and after the ice was broken she came in often, sometimes with an apple for Tommy, sometimes with a rose for his mother. Mrs. Roberts had called Mrs. Beardsley proud and "stuck up," but Mrs. Green did not find her so.

"She's real nice," was her unbiased verdict, as she walked home one night with the Waters family from prayer-meeting. "I did expect she'd be a little airy, seein' who her folks was; but she ain't, not a mite. She's as pleasant as pie. I dunno when I've set so much by a new neighbor as I do by her. Mis' Dean's a leettle too high in the instep for me; and Mis' Morris', she don't care for nobody without their a Blanker; and you can't take no solid comfort with Mis' Roberts, she's so partic'lar leest you shouldn't think so much of her as you'd ought to. But, my! Mis' Beardsley, she's just as easy as an old shoe. I wish I hadn't stayed away so long, but you know, Malviny, I ain't no hand to make acquaintance with folks. I don't know as I should ever ha' knowed you if John hadn't been my nephew." Mrs. Waters gave a little laugh, but she did not say anything; she did not remember much about her own call on the new neighbor but her own painful shyness.

There was still another neighbor on the street, old Miss Betsey Parker, the tailoress, who lived in a small brown house next but one to that which the Beardsleys occupied. She was a plain, uneducated woman, having plenty of common sense and a cheerful nature; no especial talent, no brightness or charm of aspect, but she was an honest and humble Christian. Mrs. Dean sent her sewing when she had it, and Mrs. Morris found it very handy to have a tailoress so close by when her two big boys tore their clothes, especially as Miss Betsey went to the Blanker Church. Beside these small sources of income she made shrouds from the Dalton factory and coffin trimmings, the day of tailoress work having gone by; and she owned the little house she lived in, which was set about with cinnamon roses and lilacs, and had a garden devoted chiefly to corn, beans and squashes, though a great bunch of clove pinks and a cluster of red peonies adorned its border. She was the first neighbor whose acquaintance Mrs. Beardsley made. While that weary woman was putting down her parlor carpet, she looked up at the sound of a kind voice, and saw a slat sunbonnet peering round the edge of the door; deep in its gingham vault Miss Betsy's cheerful face smiled at her. "I thought mebbe I could help you someway. I live next door but one, and if you want anything I've got just send for it; matches, or salt, or an extry hammer. I know how 'tis; folks always forget somethin'. Mercy's sake! let me git hold of that stretcher! them poor little hands o' yourn ain't fit for such heavy work;" and suiting the action to the word she took Mrs. Beardsley's place, and the refractory carpet became docile at once, while poor Justina sat down on the floor and felt like crying from mere relief. "There! I wish 'twas the first instead o' the last. I live right up here in that small house with the lean-to, and if you want a thing I've got, to help ye, send right up. My name's Betsey Parker."

"Oh thank you. I was so tired!" was the rather incoherent answer; but the very grateful look out of Mrs. Beardsley's expressive eyes filled it out for Miss Betsey.

She had not stopped to consider her own position or her neighbor's, but came at once to see if she could help; and this was only the beginning; she brought many a fresh egg over to tempt Justina's delicate appetite, though her poultry was only three bantam hens. And again and again when her neighbor had a headache, she took Tommy home with her for the day, though she had sometimes to stay at home from church with him. She had no carriage like Mrs. Morris to give her neighbor a drive—as Mrs. Morris never did. She had no loaded fruit trees like Mrs. Dean, who kept her pears and peaches for her own and the minister's family, exclusively; but her black-cap berries were more than shared with Mrs. Walters, as well as Mrs. Beardsley, and her currants were almost public property.

"I really hain't had enough for jell this year," she said apologetically to Mrs. Green, "and I do lot on jell, it's so good for the sick; but then, fresh currants is real refreshin' this hot weather, you know its been master hot right along for a spell, and there ain't but a few has got as good currants as mine be."

At last Mrs. Beardsley fell ill of low fever; she was very lonely, for Fred had to be all day at his work, and the girl in the kitchen had her hands full with Tommy and the house work. The doctor's gig at the door notified the neighbors of the trouble, and after it had stopped there daily for a week, Mrs. Dean sent over her girl to enquire how Mrs. Beardsley was. Mrs. Morris met her husband in the street, and asked him the same question. Mrs. Roberts was not concerned about the matter. "Those upper-crust people keep sending in to ask, I see; I haven't never called there, so I ain't wanted nor needed now as I know of."

But she did tell the doctor she was a good watcher, and would go if they couldn't get anybody else.

Mrs. Waters had a little baby, and could do nothing, yet she sent in a rosebud, the first from her one cherished bush, and Justina cried over it. She was so weak! Mrs. Green came over once or twice, and sent some custard; but she "wasn't no use in sickness, so dreadful nervous," her husband said.

Miss Betsey was out of town at first, but as soon as she came back, not a day passed that she did not go over and cheer the sick woman with homely, earnest words of faith and hope and good will. She went into the kitchen and made beef tea; she came up stairs and shook up her hot pillows, replenished the fire, combed out the tangled hair with the gentlest fingers, and kept Tommy with her in the intervals, as long as he could be coaxed to stay. When Mrs. Beardsley was getting better, the first day she could sit up, after Miss Betsey had made her comfortable with cushions and footstool, the poor, languid woman put her thin arms about the old lady's neck, and dropping her head on that sturdy shoulder, burst into irrepressible sobs.

"Lawful sakes! don't ye do so, child! stop right off. Why, you'll be all tuckered out when he gets home ef ye do so. Now, stop right off!"

"I can't help it," sobbed Tina; "you're so good, Miss Betsey: you're a real angel!"

"The mortal! You must be out o' your mind, child. Who ever saw an angel with yaller-gray hair and not but six teeth to show for't?" laughed the good old soul. "You stop cryin' and talkin' about angels, and swallow your beef tea, or the doctor'll be scoldin' of ye for certain sure."

When Mrs. Beardsley was well enough for change of air she went into Dalton to see her sister, who had but just come back from Europe, and was naturally eager to hear all about Tina's surroundings.

"And have you got any neighbors dear?" she asked, after many other questions.

"One," said Justina, smiling.

The question still remains to be answered: "Who was Mrs. Beardsley's neighbor?"

RECOMPENSE.

BY MRS. T. H. GRIFFITH

"A letter from George!" exclaimed sister Kate, coming in from the post-office, and holding up for our inspection a large yellow envelope. "And addressed to mother."

After reading the letter, she suddenly twisted her chair around so as to turn her face from us, cleared her throat, and wiped her eyes with a corner of her gingham apron.

"Anything the matter, mother?" interrogated Kate, anxiously, while Hat and I sat in wondering silence.

There was no answer for a moment, then, turning slowly toward us, she held out the letter, saying, "Read it aloud, Kate. Milly is taken very ill with typhoid fever, and George has written for me to come to them. Dear child! I wish it was so I could go."

"Go!" echoed Kate, decisively, "of course, you'll go, and take one of us girls along to help nurse, too."

"But the work, my dear. How will you manage?"

"Someway," said Kate; "let's see, the express goes at 6.30, and it's now half-past five. Just one hour. Go and get dressed, mother, and Cad and I'll pack your clothes."

"Now what's to be done first?" asked Kate, after we had seen them off, and had come into the house with something of a realizing sense of the responsibility we had undertaken weighing upon our minds. "There's supper to get, of course, and—Nellie can wash the dishes. That's all, isn't it?"

"Mother said something about baking to-morrow," I suggested, with a vague idea that a certain preparation was generally made concerning the bread the evening before its manufacture.

"To-morrow? Well, let to-morrow take care of itself," said Kate so promptly that I was at once silenced. "Let's see what's for supper; light bread, cookies, float, and cold beef."

And now, while I am doing that, if the reader will take a little retrospective glance over our lives up to this point, she will no doubt the better understand why we were all very ignorant of household affairs. There was a large family of us—ten children in all: John, master workman in one of the machine shops in the flourishing manufacturing town of which we were residents; Milly, the married sister, and a general favorite; Kate and myself, twins, and totally unlike, both in looks and disposition; Hattie, a studious girl of sixteen; Ross, a boisterous schoolboy of fourteen; Nellie, a delicate, petted child of eleven, and three little boys in a row, aged respectively nine, seven and four, whom we called Tip, and Earle, and Benny. And mother did the work for us all. I don't know how she managed it, but she did. Milly was the only one among us who had taken to housework, and mother was one of those domestic burden-bearers who never think their load so heavy but they can add another trifle. Father had never been fortunate, pecuniarily, and desirous of educating all their children equally, the labor of saving for this end, was added to their other toil. And then, like very many other good and unselfish, but unwise mothers, she allowed us our own way, and spoiled us through indulgence, and as we had often heard her say she would rather do a thing herself than to take the trouble to teach us how, we felt as if we were actually conferring a favor upon her by letting things alone. To be sure we learned a few necessary things, such as sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, and the little minor details of cookery; but to be able to keep the domestic machinery well oiled and in constant

motion was, to us, like an unknown language. And so now, without any adequate knowledge of work and its responsibilities, we found ourselves with a mountain of difficulties to surmount, and pretty work we made of it for a few days, too! It was not very hard to get through supper, for, thanks to mother's provident hands, there was plenty prepared for that meal. But when, next morning, we found the bread was out, the cookies all gone, and not a single stray pie for dinner, our trouble began; began to broaden and deepen with every passing moment, as we became painfully aware that making bread and pastry was a branch of educational knowledge we had not found in our text books at school; and when, about ten o'clock, father, blissfully ignorant of our innocence of the culinary art, sent up a sirloin roast, and the news that a gentleman would come home with him to dinner, and fifteen minutes after the washerwoman brought home the clothes for us to iron, I was ready to melt into tears, while Kate was so cross it was dangerous to speak to her.

Oh, that weary, weary day! But just the beginning of the many of like character that followed it! How we longed for mother's skilful hands to straighten out the tangled threads our awkward fingers had managed to produce! There was always something to be done, from early morn till late at night, so that no sooner did we fancy ourselves free for half an hour, than some duty undone would stare us in the face, or the children would come in with clamoring stomachs and gossipy tongues, so that, in a few days, I became addicted to chronic fretfulness, Kate was a veritable scold, while John scowled over the miserable meals, Ross teased us in every vulnerable point, and poor, patient father pitied our oftimes infirmities and ate what was set before him for conscience sake.

It went on this way for upwards of a fortnight, when after a very trying day, we took our books and sat down for a quiet evening; but, alas for our hopes! Only ten minutes of peace, and an ominous ahem from father caused us to look up.

"Do you know, girls," he asked timidly, "whether mother mended my pants before she went away? I should like them to put on in the morning. She generally did her mending every week, I believe."

"There!" burst out Kate, shutting her book with a bang, while I, casting one desponding look at the fascinating pages of "David Copperfield," arose and went to take a glance at the mending-basket.

It was full to the brim; shirts, socks, little gingham coats with the pockets torn down, and buttons pulled half off with shreds of cloth hanging to them; father's pants, and Nellie's school-dress with a rent clear across the front. With a doleful sigh I lifted the basket, but without a word, we sat down to the unwelcome task. Nine, ten o'clock came and went, and the basket was not half emptied of its contents. Father, John, Ross and Nellie gaped and stretched, and, one by one, followed the children off to bed. Eleven, and still we sat, silent and grim as ghosts, solemnly stitching away at the endless rents.

"Cad," said Kate, at last, jerking out the words as if she hated them, "how do you like it?"

"Like what?" I asked in astonishment.

"Just look at this mending-basket. It has been filled and emptied, year after year; filled by our carelessness, and emptied by our mother's slavish toil, and we, great, healthy, over-grown girls, sat calmly by and saw her do it. And she, weak, unselfish woman that she is, hadn't snap enough about her to rap us over the head with her thimble for our ugliness."

I opened my mouth to say something, but she made a dab at me with her needle and I desisted.

"Don't expostulate!" she exclaimed. "I hate it. Look at yourself as you are, and as you have been ever since you were born, a little, useless bit of furniture, and see if you don't look ugly. I have been taking just such such a view of myself ever since we've found ourselves trying to fill mother's place and found we couldn't, and I've got so full of indignation at myself for being so blind, that I shall burst if I don't out with it."

"But we can't help it now, Kate," I ventured to remonstrate.

"No, of course we can't, you goose! The past isn't ours, but the present is, and the future may be made to be. That's what I'm coming at, exactly. We must not let mother and father die, yet awhile."

"Die!" I exclaimed, shocked beyond expression.

"Yes, Caddy, I didn't notice it any more than you have, until the past two weeks; but it seems to me now, that I could count every furrow in father's careworn brow, and every thread of mother's whitening hair. They are old beyond their years, Caddy. They have been worked to death, and because they loved us so well as to bear it all patiently, we never saw it."

Kate's voice was all of a tremble, and I burst into tears.

"Mother is an intellectual woman," she went on in a moment, "with a mind capable of rare development. But how much time do you suppose she has had for reading and reflection beyond the wants and necessities of her large family? and don't you know, Cad, how often we have excused ourselves from reading aloud to her, letting her sit digging away into this very old basket, solitary and alone through the long evening hours. I fairly hate myself when I think of it."

I did, too, by this time, and I said so, "But Katie," I added, "isn't there a bright side to it somewhere?"

"We can make one," she answered decisively, "I have been thinking of that, and how would it do to go to work and get the housecleaning all done before she gets home? It will be vacation next week, and Rosa and Nellie will be here to help us."

To this plan I gladly consented, and then we went to bed. Two weeks more and the house wore a different aspect from garret to cellar; everything was as fresh and clean as could be, and well repaid we felt for all our toil. One spot in the house was an especial attraction, and that was mother's and father's room; hitherto a bare, sparsely furnished apartment, with the same stamp of self-denial upon it, there had always been upon everything that was individually their own, but now the most cheery, and tastily arrayed of any room in the house. We girls had planned the renovation, and John—dear, good, honest fellow—had lovingly paid the bills. And now, with all in readiness for her coming, with a well-cooked meal upon the table, with an air of thrift and neatness upon everything, which gave us the utmost satisfaction, we looked for our mother home. But when she came—when we saw the dear face looking eagerly out of the back window to catch a glimpse of home and its treasured inmates—the revulsion of feeling was too much for us and we ran behind the door to hide our tears. Such a foolish thing, but we did not stay there long, she called us as she came in and we came out from our hiding-place all tearstained as we were and greeted her. And then such a time as we had, taking her over the house and witnessing her delight and surprise, mingled with little soft-hearted rebukes for our working so hard while she was gone. But when she came upon her own room, and her eyes fell upon the bright, new carpet, the bed with its snowy spread and ruffled pillow, the easy chair and dressing-table with all its little appointments, it was really refreshing to hear her exclaim over the extravagance we had been guilty of, and all for the sake of a woman who was fast growing old. But oh, when we told her we had done it all that she might dwell in perpetual youth, when we whispered in her ear the lesson we had learned by putting ourselves in her place, when we told her what we proposed to do in the future, that she might live, not as a slave, but as a queen among her children, how her heart melted into tears, and with what manifest love she clung to us.

And as the years still come and go, we are reaping a blessed recompense! The rich reward of our struggle with idleness and self-indulgence we see before us in the faces of our loved and loving parents, where sits a sweet content, and beams a look of youth once more. They share with us our pleasures and entertainments, we share with them the otherwise solitary hours, and in the interchange of thought and feeling find a wisdom we could have gained from no other source.—*The Household.*

A CHILD VOYAGER.

Children furnish more than one-half of the world's purest joys, their beautiful deeds breaking in upon us oftentimes as delightful surprises: and stupid would we be if we failed to be roused from life's torpor by their presence, their needs, and their expression of them. As we stepped upon the platform of the cars on our way west in the middle of the night, we heard a man say, "Here is a little girl all alone. Will not somebody take care of her?" Somebody responded, and we thought no more of it until next day when we had dropped our "sleeper," and entering one of the other cars we saw the sweetest little child-form we ever looked upon, fast asleep, so soundly sleeping as not to even be heard in breathing. Such a head of dark brown hair, lying all loose over shoulders, back and face, we never beheld; features as if the choice of an artist from a thousand beauties; her long, dark eye-lashes lay across the openings into a world of beauty, and her form was in beautiful adaptation to the ideal of her face. We could hardly wait for her to wake, for we felt sure she was the lonely child of whom we had heard the night before, and were impatient for the history of this interesting but solitary voyager across the earth. After a while the conductor stood over her, as if drawn by her beauty and innocence. He seemed to be shrinking from waking her, as if she was an angel, whose repose it would have been irreverent to disturb. Said he, "Whose child is this?" No one could tell. He turned away and went on gathering up his tickets. When he had finished he came back, and she was awake. He stooped and said:

"Whose little girl are you?"

"Mamma's," said she, looking up trustfully in his face.

"Where is your mamma? Show me who she is."

Said she gently, "Mamma is not on the cars, she is in heaven."

The gentlemanly conductor grew more intently anxious, and said:

"But you have a father aboard?"

"No, sir; my father is in heaven a long time ago. When I was a little baby he was in the army. Mamma used to tell me about him. She called him her poor soldier boy."

"And where did your papa and mamma live?"

"In Ireland, sir," speaking more gently, as if not right sure it was best to tell him.

"Where did you come from, my little darling?"

"From the same place, sir."

"Not from Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who came with you?"

"Nobody, sir, but God. He kept me on the sea when it was awful stormy, and I was so sick I thought I would die."

The conductor, in surprise, said, "You did not come all the way from Ireland by yourself?"

"Yes, sir; God was with me; my auntie prayed for me, and told God to take care of me on the forecastle of the ship; and she kissed me and said, 'Precious pet, don't be afraid, for God has told me that He is going with you all the way;' and some people on the deck took me and made me sleep by them until I got to New York, and then they took me to the railway station and a nice old gentleman with white beard, got my ticket. Here it is, sir,"—opening a queer old-fashioned Irish carpet-sack, and pulling out a woollen petticoat and putting her little hand into the pocket, took out a little pocket-book, tied with a soiled piece of linen tape,—"here it is; he gave it to me, and told me not to be afraid, because the people would all be kind to a little stranger orphan girl. And he said when I wanted anything to ask the man with the band on his hat. Are you the man?"

"Yes; what do you want, my little pet?"

"I want you to take care of me, if you please."

"I will, indeed. I had a little girl about as large as you, but she died."

"She is in heaven, ain't she? She will see my papa and mamma; won't she?"

He said, "I hope so," and turned away.

By this time half a dozen men had gathered about the child, no woman happening to be in the cars, else that woman's heart would have been broken. The men were all rough, good-hearted souls, and all seemed to be fidgety to do something for this strange, beautiful child. One turned up a tag which was fastened around her neck, and on it was written:

"Effie Mc——, of Ireland; aged seven years; is on her way to her aunt, Mrs. Mc——, Fort Kearney, United States of America. Kind friends, be good to this child. She was her mother's darling, who died the 11th day of December, 1878. This poor child is all that is left of the family, and her friends are sending her to her aunt's at Fort Kearney."

One rough-looking man asked her if she had anything to eat, to which she replied by showing him some little sweet cakes, and said, "Do you think these will be enough until I get to auntie's?" He replied, "Give me your reticule," and opening it, commenced filling it out of his well-stored basket. Others brought in their supplies, until there was more than the child could well carry. An old gentleman, about eighty years of age, said he would take care of her as far as Kansas City; a black man said he had nothing to give her to eat, so he gave her a half dollar. . . . She became more and more a theme of interest for hundreds of miles, until we seemed to have forgotten the space, when the cry, "East St. Louis!" startled us, and revealed the fact that to some of us at least the journey had ended. We parted from this dear child in tenderness and with prayers, for she was fast asleep, with her little Testament, which she could read, in her pale hand. All were the better for her presence; all regretted that she could not journey on with them along the way of life. —*The Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, in The Presbyterian.*

SEND FOR MOTHER.

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now, when I'm old and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time 'Send for Mother!'" And the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off, and got her safely in your home, and she flies around, administering remedies and rebukes by turns, you feel easier. It's all right now, or soon will be—mother's come!

In sickness, no matter who is there or how many doctors quarrel over your case everything goes wrong somehow till you send for mother.

In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspect. The verdant young couple, to whom baby's extarordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin; its wonderful sleeps, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open, and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead this time, and to shriek out, "Send for Mother!" in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous and giving mother a good many trots for nothing.

Did any one ever send for mother and she failed to come? Never unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her. As when, in your childhood, those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue to do as long as they are able. And when the summons come which none yet disregarded, though it will be a happy day for her, it will be a very dark and sad one for you, when God, too, will send for mother!—*N. Y. Observer.*

Question Corner.—No. 18.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

205. How old was Joshua when he died?
206. Where was he buried?
207. Where did they bury the bones of Joseph?
208. What was the first battle fought after the death of Joshua?
209. Who was successor to Joshua?
210. For what was he elected to this post?
211. How long did he judge Israel?
212. Who was the second judge of Israel?
213. What act brought him into notice?
214. Who succeeded Ehud?
215. What king next oppressed Israel and who was judge at the time?
216. Who led the Israelites against their oppressor?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A faithful martyr's honored name,
A prophet-judge's dwelling-place,
A warrior who to David came,
A priest who perished in disgrace.

A prophet's home, a mountain land
The *initial* letters spell,
Reverse their order as they stand,
A mournful name they tell,
Which one, oppressed with deepest woes,
In bitterness of spirit chose.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 16.

181. Because of his conduct at the waters of Miribah, Num. xxvii. 14.
182. He was slain when fighting with the Midianites against the Israelites, Num. xxxi. 8.
183. Because it was a good pasture land, Num. xxxii. 4.
184. See Num. xxxv. 6.
185. On Mount Nebo, in the land of Moab, Deut. xxxiv. 1-6.
186. One hundred and twenty, Deut. xxxiv. 7.
187. Joshua, Deut. xxxi. 23.
188. Opposite Jericho, Joshua iii. 16.
189. Erected a monument of twelve stones taken out of the bed of the Jordan, Joshua iv. 4, 9.
190. Jericho, Joshua vi.
191. They marched around it once a day for six days, and on the seventh day they went around it seven times, and then at the blast of the trumpets the walls fell' Joshua vi. 3-20.
192. Rahab and those in her house, because she hid the spies, Joshua vi. 25.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

"CASTING ALL YOUR CARE ON HIM."—1 Peter v. 7.

1. CA-leb—Numbers xiv. 24, 30.
2. ST-raight—Acts ix. 11.
3. IN-crease—1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.
4. GALL-io—Acts xviii. 17.
5. YOUR
6. C-aiaphas—Mark xiv. 61, 62.
7. ARE-tas—2 Cor. xi. 32.
8. ON—Gen. xli. 45.
9. HI-ram—1 Kings v. 1-12.
10. M-alchus—John xviii. 10.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 16.—Annie Hamilton, 9; Abbie Kendall, 9.

To No. 15.—John Montgomery, 4; Mary Haycock, 10 Minnie Vandusen, 12; Alfred E. McCordie, 10 sc; Edith Walker, 11; William C. Wickham, 12; C. E. Gould, 9; Annie M. Green, 11; L. Saxton Doud, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXXVIII.

SEPTEMBER 21.]

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.—Titus 3: 1-9.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 1-5.

1. Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.

2. To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.

3. For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another.

4. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared.

5. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost:

7. Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour:

7. That being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

8. This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men.

9. But avoid foolish questions, and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law; for they are unprofitable and vain.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.—Matt. 22: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Piety and patriotism go together.

INTRODUCTORY.—Titus was the "bishop" of Crete. He was of Gentile parentage, and a convert from heathenism. His name does not occur in the Book of Acts, but he is mentioned in ten distinct passages of Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, Galatians and Timothy. Crete, a narrow island 140 miles long, was the home of very many Jews; but when the Gospel was first preached there is uncertain. At a later period, Titus went to Dalmatia, 2 Tim. 4: 10 and tradition says that he died there at the age of 94 years.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICK.—(I.) SUBJECT TO AUTHORITY. (II.) SAVED BY GOD'S MERCY. (III.) SHOULD DO GOOD WORKS.

I. SUBJECT TO AUTHORITY. (1.) PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS, the duly constituted authorities. Crete had been for 125 years under the Roman dominion, but its inhabitants had a bad repute on account of insubordination. The Jews, also, never submitted willingly to the Romans. (2.) SPEAK EVIL, slander, revile, hurt the good name of; NO BRAWLERS, not contentious, not quarrelsome. (3.) WE OURSELVES, Christians, in their natural condition of sinfulness, before conversion; FOOLISH, without understanding. Even the wisest men are foolish until enlightened by grace; DECEIVED, going astray from the right way; SERVING, slaves to; DIVERS, manifold, various; PLEASURES, sensual and worldly; HATEFUL, to God and man; HATING ONE ANOTHER, the natural state of man is one of hatred. Only the Gospel can introduce love. The Cretians [were called "liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," Titus 1: 12.

II. SAVED BY GOD'S MERCY. (4.) LOVE, love towards men, our word philanthropy; GOD OUR SAVIOUR, God the Father, compare verse 6; APPEARED, WAS manifested in the work of salvation through Christ. (5.) THE WASHING, the laver (*Alford, Kitto*), having reference to baptism, Eph. 4: 26, in its spiritual relations, comp. Acts 22: 16; 1 Pet. 3: 21; RENEWING, the renovation, making new. (6.) SHED, poured out abundantly.

III. SHOULD DO GOOD WORKS. (8.) A FAITHFUL SAYING, worthy of trust and belief, a certain truth, not an idle speculation; AFFIRM CONSTANTLY, or strongly, earnestly; MAINTAIN, be diligent in, take the lead in. (9.) FOOLISH QUESTIONS, frivolous discussions about unimportant and disputed points, Titus 1: 14; 1 Tim. 1: 4. The later writings of the Jews abounded in such discussions of trivial matters which were "unprofitable and vain."

What do you learn from this lesson as to—

1. Our duty to civil government?
2. The spirit we should show towards all?
3. The lessons from our own former condition and character?
4. The love which saves us?
5. Our duty to avoid "foolish questions?"

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Respect for Rulers.* There is too little respect for authority in America. Reverence for age, for wise men, and for those appointed to rule is seldom taught to the young. The sins of rulers are not to be overlooked more than the sins of the common people, neither are their good deeds and honest aims to be misrepresented—"He that speaks ill of another commonly, before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or good breeding he would forbear such language."—*Selden.*

THE CHRISTIAN, A GOODLY GODLY CITIZEN.

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LESSON XXXIX.

SEPTEMBER 28.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The path of the just is as the shining light.—Prov. 4: 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

This life is the Christian's training school for heaven.

The past twelve lessons are selected from ten of the Epistles of Paul; eight were written to various apostolic churches, and two to early Christian pastors. Each of these letters or books was intended to meet peculiar circumstances of trial or of joy, in which the Christians to whom they were addressed found themselves. They are therefore fitted to instruct, encourage, and guide Christians now under a great variety of experiences. The portions studied, of necessity, present only fragments of the counsels and warnings of the Holy Spirit given through the Apostle. They need to be carefully reviewed, and to fix the truths in mind some good grouping is of more than usual value.

The following is a good division:

1. THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.
2. THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK AND WORK.
3. THE CHRISTIAN'S EXAMPLE.

The advantage of this grouping is that the lessons fall naturally into groups of four each, under the several heads.

To recall the several important things concerning the lessons, a series of questions may be asked upon the Titles, Golden Texts, and Central Truths.

THE CHRISTIAN'S 1. LIFE. 2. WALK and WORK. 3. EXAMPLE.

LESSON QUESTIONS IN REVIEW.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.—How may Christians have peace? In what glory? Why? How are they saved? Who justifies the believer? For whose sake? How are we made conquerors? By whose love? what is love called in 1 Cor. 13? With what other graces is it compared? Which is the greatest of these? Why? Over what does Christ give us the victory? What brought death to us? What will take place at the sound of "the last trump?"

2. THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK AND WORK.—How are we made "new creatures"? For whom are Christian ministers ambassadors? For what purpose? State nine fruits of the Spirit. How are those who are overtaken with a fault to be treated? What does a man reap when he sows "to the flesh"? When he sows to the Spirit? Against what do Christians in this world war? What armor do they need? How are they to use the armor? Who should the believer imitate in his conduct and spirit? What is said of the mind of Christ? What is said of the power of his name?

3. THE CHRISTIAN'S EXAMPLE.—How are Christians urged to encourage one another? What are children required to do? How are servants called on to serve? Whom do they really serve? How do they serve Christ in serving those over them? How may we be an example and help to those over us? What comfort have we in view of the Lord's second coming? What danger is there to the rich? What is said of the love of money? Of the fight of faith? To whom are Christians to be obedient? For what ready? Of what are they heirs? How far do you follow these instructions? Why are they not more carefully observed in your daily life?

CHANGING THE SERMON.

A dear friend had returned from a thirteen months' voyage at sea, to be at home one Sabbath, which proved to be a very stormy one; but he went to church, attended by the prayers of those who longed for his salvation. There were but few present, and the pastor took a passage from Job and gave an off-hand sermon upon storms. As we came out of church this friend (who was a well-read man) said: "The sermon for to-day was laid aside and this talk given us, as so few were out; but I could have done better with Job."

The next Sabbath the sermon was founded upon Matt. 6: 33—"Seek first the kingdom of God," &c., and it seemed as if, had it been written to meet the case of this man, it could not have been better fitted for him. But it was too late, he was gone; the last opportunity of preaching the Gospel to him was lost, for although at home one more Sabbath afterward, sickness in his family prevented attendance at church, and on the next voyage it is supposed all went down in a gale a short time out. That good minister never knew that the stormy Sabbath was his last chance to invite one of his people to the Saviour. "Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season." II. Tim. 4: 2.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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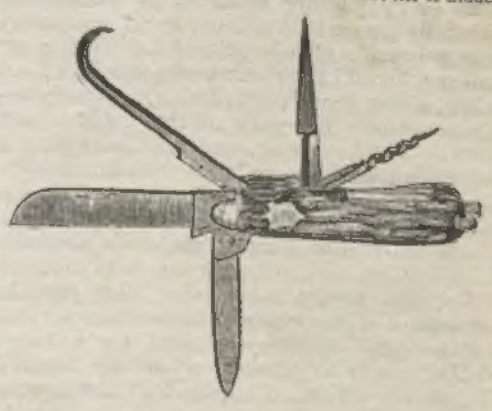

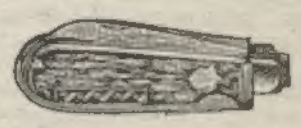

by the opened large blade, but is shown in the picture of the knife as closed. The HOOK can be made useful in sundry ways, such as to clean a horses' hoof, pull on the boots, lift a stove cover, &c. The back of the Hook makes a good tack hammer; while the inside of the hook forms a small but strong nut cracker. The Punch makes holes in harness, wood, &c., which can be enlarged by its sharp corners. All close into a strong and compact handle. This POCKETFUL OF TOOLS will be sent to any person who sends us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications.

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